

THE THINGS I REMEMBER BEST ABOUT BENNINGTON, IDAHO FROM THE YEAR  
1915 to 1975 - - - - Written by Lloyd L. Burdick in 1975 May.

A few things I have written in here might bother some a little, but never the less I have tried not to judge anyone for the mistakes they have made in life, I have seen many that have lived here as I have said: I have stated before that I feel they were in my eyes the choice people of the Lords, and happy will be the day that I will be able if I am worthy to see them again when I leave this mortal life to be with my loved ones in the Spirit world.

God bless all who read this to the end of your lives so you will be ready to meet your maker, I pray always.

L.L.B.

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(IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS) A story; or a short account of the early days of Bennington, as I remember it in the days at the time I came to Bennington, the year of 1915.

At the age of 10, or turning 10 just after I came West, I will give a small part of this writing to my own life before and after I came West. I realize that this account could have been written with more accurate history than I to help make this account; but, decided to write from my own memory the things I remember best.

No, they may not meet the approval of a few that no doubt remember things that I was not aware of; but, never-the-less I write about the things I remember best; caring not much what others say or think about what I write, anyway this is how I remember good old Bennington in the good old days.

Born in the State of New York, coming from a broken family, my Father left his family in the East after his and my Mothers separation, they held court or was going to hold it to see which one took the family, as soon as he found he did not have a chance of getting we children, that is we six, Mother losing one soon after she left my father. The courts decided that my Mother was to have we children; and my father was to pay her so much money each month, he gathered his bag at this time and skipped the country and came out west to get out of helping my mother in the support of we children. He landed in Salt lake when he came West, got acquainted with an old gentleman by the name of Woodman which he called him; Dad Woodman.

This man ran a carpenter shop, or cabinet shop in Salt Lake. They worked together for some time; saved a little money and decided to go prospecting. They finally came to the Nounan valley, took up a claim in Co-op ; the remains are still there where they dug into the mountain, and also built them a log cabin to live in. They evidently stayed here until they run out of money: They parted company at this time.

My Father told my younger brother and I that he never heard of this man again. My Father, of course, working in the carpenter work, decided to stay in this area, at this time. He did quite a lot of building in Nounan Valley, a lot of the Minnigs. From my understanding, John Minnig hauled the mail from Nounan Valley to Montpelier, at this time. President Wright (Silas L. Wright) and Sister Ida Wright run the Bennington Post Office here at Bennington, at this time. He got to talking to John Minnig one day and ask him where he could find a Carpenter to help him build on to the East part of the place my wife and I live in now. The store and Post Office

being in the front part. John Minnig referred President Wright, I believe at this time he was Bishop of the Bennington Ward. That is, he was Bishop when I came West. John Minnig referred him to my father. This was the beginning, or the results of how I came to this place as a boy. My father built, or did this work for Brother Wright. I do not remember if I was told just what work my father did next, but I think he went to help Brother Mouritsen on his home, this was sister Vina's Father (Vina Mouritsen Weaver) and Sister Vara Mouritsen Lindsay's Father; this was a large family. I will not undertake to name all of them at this time, but the house that Bob Crane lives in was at one time setting among the cedars and pines East of Bennington where most people today call it the place where the Orchard is. My father finished the work on this house for Brother Mouritsen.

About this time my mother passed away in Portville, New York. At this time it seemed there was no place for my youngest brother Howard and I, so no doubt we would have to be sent to an orphanage.

My father's only sister; living in the city of Olean, New York was the only one that knew where my Father was. After my Father left the East, he and my Mother having their initials tattooed on his arm, so he changed his name to Len Brown. I never did know what name he used for the initial of H. The older people in Nounan Valley knew him by the name of Len Brown and the people called him by the same name here until they found he had a family and found his name was Henry Lee Burdick. After my Father did this work for Brother Mouritsen, and as I stated, my Mother died about this time, my Aunt May got in touch with my father and told him he better send for we two boys; for if he didn't we would be sent to an orphanage. Many times I have thought what a tragedy it would have been for Howard, my younger brother) and I to have been sent to an orphanage.. I can't help feel that the Lord had a hand in our lives for things to go as they did.

My father sent for we three youngest children; of course my youngest sister Rowena came West at this time with we two boys. My father took the lot that the Wilson Weaver home is built on at present. My father got his sister to care for we two brothers until my father could get a place for us to live in when we got here. My mother died in the month of May 1915, and the next November my youngest sister aged 14, my youngest brother, around 7, myself turned 10 years old just a few days after we arrived here in Bennington. My father had the house pretty well finished when we landed here in November 25, 1915, Thanksgiving Day. I will never forget the day we landed in Montpelier. There was snow on the ground (three green-horn Eastern kids) but believe me, it did not take long before we turned Western, we caught on to the Western ways very fast.

Moving into the house that now has been moved across from my home or the home that Bishop Wright and Sister Ida lived in, we moved into this house when we came West. As most remember when it set on the spot where it was built just South of the Wilson Weaver home. The inside of the house was lined with ship-lap lumber. My Father had ordered the windows for it but they had not come as yet. I remember moving into this house and how cold it was, without windows in it. Can you visualize living in a home in this cold country without windows in it, well I remember what it was like. My father tacked cheese cloth over them but of course he just as well have tacked screen wire on them for all the cold the cheese cloth kept out. I don't remember how long we were without the windows. We survived this ordeal anyway and was glad when the windows came and my father got them installed. A little after this he put the siding on it; so we

survived the winter from then until we got on our own and lived with other people in this town.

It was not long after we got here we found my father, after being separated from his family as long as he was, he was the same as he was when he was living in New York with my mother and we children. He had his good qualities along with all his unreasonable ways. Anyhow we stayed with him until we could work and pay our own way. And I realize, the good people here in Bennington was very good to us. At times I look back and wonder what would have happened to we kids if the people had not been as good as they were to us which I intend to bring into this writing as I go along with it.

As I stated it did not take long before we learned the western ways, and all three of us made friends with the younger people and the older people. They were very good to us. Now I would like to describe a few things that were here when I first came to Bennington. I hope those who read this will be able to make out where some of the good people lived when I came West. I may not get it exact as others remember it but I will do the best I can. I expect some to criticize me or tell where I make mistakes. I have found that it is easier to tell one how they should have done something after it is done, than to get implicated in an issue before a project is started. I will take the criticism and enjoy it the best I can, hoping the ones that criticize will soon set down and write one such as this, better. So, here goes; to make a stab at the project I have started.

I would like to write about the different people that lived here and where they lived. I have told where the Mouritsen family; a large family, one I really enjoyed going to see those folks. Brother Mouritsen was a great worker. He was a good gardener. His wife, at this time, was as I always called her, Aunt Lizzie. I doubt if God ever put a breath of life in a better woman and mother than she was. Although Brother Mouritsen had lost his first wife, and second wife, being the mother of Vina, Homer, Irvin, Leah, Victor, and Willard. Aunt Lizzie had quite a family also. I may not get them all but will get those I remember: Vara, Shirley L. Alleman's mother, David, Gwen, Glen, Bertie, Nora, Edward and Roy. These are all I call to mind at present. Then in the mouth of Home Canyon lived a family by the name of Astel. I never did get to well acquainted with this family until later years. Another family lived south on the road that Doyr Cornelison travels on to go to his farm south of the road on the road to the canyon. The Astel's were also great gardeners. They and the Mourtisen's had two good orchards on their places, which raised many apples for quite a number of years, and would still be in production if they had been taken care of.

I do not remember the name of the people that lived south of the Mouritsens. West and South, the home set there for some time after I came here, but I do not remember what happened to it. We come down the road for a short distance and a man by the name of Hunter lived there with one of his wives. Again I was not acquainted with his wives too well. I know he had two or maybe three wives, his one wife, Charlotte lived in the house across the road from where Clayton Robison lives in the Weaver home. I remember most of this family, Will Hunter; Harry, Dan and Lawrence and a girl Lavon. Aunt Charlotte was their Grandmother. Mittie Hunter was another wife that lived in an old house that used to set where the home that John Tippets lives in is, or just East of it. The house that they live in was built a few years ago by Irvin and Lula Mouritsen. I remember some of this family also. Some I miss will come to me as I continue on; I think of Clifford, Fannie, George, there could have been more but I don't call them to mind at present. As

we come down the lane across the road where the old log house on the Buhler home on the lot above Bert Westlake's home. Mary V. Speirs spent much of her life in a home that used to set across the street, it no doubt was a very nice home in its day, as I remember it, I know when they tore it down, as a lad I really hated to see it destroyed, for it seemed to be such a homey place, but the ward as I remember helped to tear it down, salvaged as much as they could and built Aunt Maggie Van Orman a home out of it. I helped my Father on this home. May (Mary) of course was married to Lorenzo Speirs; Eldon was just a baby in a high-chair, but my father and I would go there and May would serve us dinner; I always looked forward to May's well cooked dinner, especially when one lived on a bachelors cooking most of the time. Many times my Father would go to the store, Dave and Vina Perkins owned it then. He would buy a can of Sour Kraut and night after night we ate Sour Kraut; 'till it hung out of our ears. Of course a hungry lad will eat anything if they get hungry enough. The lower south East part of the house that May Speirs lives in now was the house that I helped my father make out of the remains of the home that set two blocks above the highway East. I knew some of May's family: Abe VanOrman, Harrison Tippet's wife, John VanOrman, others I knew that I am not too sure of so I otter quit on this family at this time.

No one lived in the house on the old Buehler place or the home that belonged to the Burbank family. Old Daniel Burbank lived in the house that Dortha and Will Sparks lived in for a long time. Dortha, being a Burbank, fell heir to this home. There used to be a small log cabin that set just south of the home Dortha lived in. I remember well when my father built this home for Brother Burbank and his wife, also he had another wife that lived in a cabin on the road to the Ipsen Reservoir, as you turn on the lane of going to the Lindsay farm and the Silver Pond. Brother Burbank had a home setting under a tree that used to grow along the lane going East. This was where one of his wives lived. They died shortly after I came West. I still have a faint recollection of them. I remember Brother Burbank when he used to drive a white mare and a buggy, go to town and up to his farm by the Ipsen Reservoir. As he got older he had a shade tree setting on the south west corner of his lot next to Bill Crane's place now. He would park his buggy under this tree and set there for hours after he lost his wife. I always felt sorry for the man. He seemed to be so lonely.

While on the Burbank Family; I will try to tell a few things that I remember about his children; some are here living in Bennington that no doubt remember them better than I do. Never the less I did not undertake to write this brief story of Bennington to bring out all the details about each individual, but to tell a few of the important things that concerns the few I write of. The Burbank's were not a wealthy family; but were a good common folks like most all that lived here at this time. I think of the family, that is, the ones I knew; Chet and Let (Chester and Lester) the twins, Ephraim another brother I will write more of him later on. The girls were Dortha, Mary, Olive; I believe there were more children but those I mentioned were the ones I knew. Dortha was Mavin's and Clarence's mother. Mary was married to Fred Kisen, they lived for years in the house that Morton and Ann Hunter live in. Olive was married to Will Hunter, the mother of Harry, Dan, Lawrence and a girl Lavon. She was married, after Will's death, to a man by the name of John Duke. Olive had two girls born to this union; Sarah and Illa, both living in the Snake River country. One, Illa, married Wayne George's brother Jack. Sarah married a Wendell Walton.

Chet is the one I would like to write some about; He was a man as I wrote about or mentioned was not too well to do but there were many in this time that did not have much to do with. Money was hard to get as well as jobs. There was never a man that I ever knew that was more willing to help others as Chet was. I saw him when hay was hard to get, he knew he did not have hay to feed his own stock, but that Chet would divide the last fork full he had with a neighbor in need, or anything he had to help some one that needed help. He was always such a good friend to me. He helped me a time or two when I knew he had but very little for his own family. I could mention other things about him, mention his weaknesses but why write these things, for we all have skeletons in a closet. I do know Chet had charity in his heart. I know he will get many blessings in this way before the judgment bar of God. I know I would hate to judge men of his nature for I would be afraid it would be held against me.

I will leave this family for the time being. Brother Lester Lindsay lived on the corner where VaNess Perkins lives. In the summer time we would move to the ranch, as I said before, the people that lived here in Bennington had many hardships to live under. Shirley L. Alleman's mother was a very hard working mother. She raised a large family which I know God will bless her for, to have lived under the circumstances that many lived under in these days. Still with all the hardships, I am sure no one could understand what many went through then would be like; unless you experienced the same. I was always, as a young man or young boy, felt sorry for those that had such a hard time. Still, we as members of this Church, have to realize that none of us came to this earth with a promise that everything would be easy for us. Of course some, or lets say a few, seemed to get along some better than others, whether it was on the account of being a better manager or some being born more luck than others. I never worried too much about what the other fellow done. I always respected those that done well. I felt like the Lord knew about what I could stand to own; that I might stay on the straight and narrow if things didn't come too easy for me.

The entire success of Lester's and Vara's family I cannot write about, but from what I know I think they have done pretty well for themselves.

South of where VaNess lives there used to be two homes, a lane went through there. I have been told the highway from the town of Bennington went that way and connected with the old highway when it first went through Bennington, where I find it between the home of Julia Wright lives in and her barn. From the understanding I have, the first town sight of Bennington was down in that area. I understand they even had a store down in that area at one time. It was so damp down there for a community; the people decided to move and have been blessed for not having mosquitoes in the summer, this is one great blessing we should all be happy for. I could mention many things that Bennington has been blessed with. One other thing I feel that with a few draw backs, but there is something that has enticed some of the best people to settle here in the world. I think of other towns that have been settled in this area. I feel that I would not want to trade with the stock that settle in any other place in the valley. I am sure other towns would feel the same way about Bennington. Before I finish my writing I will no doubt prove to you that Bennington can boast of some of the best stock that God had to offer any community.

The two houses south of VanNess's, both being on the East side of the road, one was occupied by a Hunter family if I remember right. Further over in a little log cabin, if I remember right a man by the name of Louellen Astle lived in it for a short time; I believe until it was

abandoned. He was a son of the Astle family who lived in the mouth of Home Canyon. I believe he married an adopted daughter of Ed and Annie Weaver; closely connected with Wallace Weaver. I may be wrong about this but it don't matter; others can look it up if they are interested. I know they had a baby. She may have died giving birth to this baby. Anyway the boy born to this couple came in on the Ed Weaver estate for his equity. There was nothing from these two homes down to where the highway is now, at this time.

Down West where the old highway used to be when I came west there was a big Aladdin home down there, where a Merrill family lived. Some may remember this home, it was the big yellow house which I tore down and put a lot of it into my cabins. This was a large family, very industrious. AM Merrill was married to a Sister of Laran Ipsen, Stella by name, one daughter of theirs is Gladys Schmid, John Schmid's wife. I knew most of that family but lost track of them after they left Bennington. I know they lived in the big yellow home for quite a number of years, until there was a terrible accident happened. AM, the father, accidentally had a shot gun go off that he was putting away after using it to shoot some over populated bird families.

I will come back east and north down where the old granary that Ipsen's use below where Terry and Karen Tippets live. It was the old home of the Perkins Family. I don't know how many of the family lived there. Brother Perkins died about the time I came west of soon after, I don't remember, anyhow there was a large family of the Perkins; Grace; Loran Ipse's wife living in the home her mother had built after the death of her father. My Father built that home. As a young man, not man grown, I helped my father on some of the work to build it. I could tell more about this, but there are more interesting things to write about. I will try to name this family; two boys Will and Dave, girls; Lew, Jen, Ella, Mace, Jessie and Grace. Maybe I missed one or two but these are the ones I call to mind at present. These were all outstanding girls, some I knew the best were some of the best friends I ever had. I consider them a family that any Father and Mother could be very proud of. Again I say they were some of those people that helped to make Bennington great. One Son, Dave, owned the property that Grove lives in. He used to own the store that we run for thirty some odd years. The old store used to be located on the property across where or across the street where Marvin Sparks lives. This was before my time here. In the early history of Bennington, Will Perkins for years lived up in the home where Bert Westlake lives. He lost his first wife during the Flu epidemic years back. She was a Law girl from Paris, Idaho. They also lost a son while living there; he got kicked by a horse. I was not in Bennington when this happened, so I am not to sure of all the details about this accident.

Across where Allyn Phelps has his home now the old home as well as I can remember, the Weaver family occupied the old home. There used to be quite a number of outside buildings when the old home was occupied years ago. I remember when I first came west a family of the Mouritsen's lived there. The mother was a widow at this time. I believe she had two sisters and a brother that lived with her. They were the Holden twins, girls and one boy by the name of I believe Deward Holden. I believe he married Grant Wright's oldest sister, Pheobe. These twin girls left here shortly after I came west. They had lots of friends here. I knew the girls all felt bad when they left. Where they are, I do not know. I have never seen them since. Ruby, the wife of Edward Mouritsen had, I believe, three children through this union. Deward, Edward and a girl, June.

When Veda and I came back from California they were among the young people here in Bennington. We learned to think the world and all of the young people here at this time. Not long after we came back, these kids mother, Ruby, married a brother to May Speirs's husband by the name of Isaac. They lived in the house that Rowel Dunn lives in now. A few years later they decided to move to Nampa, Idaho, to find work in the saw mills up there. I remember when they left, he had a model T Ford with a cloth top on it. He let this down, packed everything they could in it and left Bennington for Nampa. I never say them again for some time. One of the boys, Edward, came here and lived for a while. His brother Deward and sister June, my wife and I had many good times together going camping, and making candy at different times.

The home that May Speirs lives in was one of the first homes I remodeled when Veda and I came to live in Bennington. We were gone for two or three years, a few things happened here while I was gone. The old school I went to had been moved to its location. It was originally setting somewhere near where the new one was built, much could be said here about the good old days when I went to school here, but I will go on now and maybe will mention a few things I remember later in my writing.

I will continue from where John and Nancy Tippets live. When I came west there was a Hunter family lived here. If I remember right it was the mother of Clifford Hunter, a girl Fannie, a brother George. There could have been more but this is all I call to mind at present. This home was in fair shape when I first came here. I remember they had a black dog that was big and mean. He was so bad, many hated to go by their home to get to the store. As I stated before, Cliff's mother was a wife of the old man Hunter that is connected to most of the Hunter's in this area. Her name was Mittie; the other wife was Charlotte and lived in the old house with her family across the street west from where Clayton Robison lives now; the Wallace Weaver home. They occupied this home till they passed away (Ed and Annie Weaver) which was some time after I came west. I go back now to the place where John and Nancy Tippets live now; of course a newer home has been built there and the old home torn down. There was another home set between the Hunter home and the store at this early day. I believe it was the home that set south of the place VanNess Perkins lives in. I don't remember just who lived there. I think a near relative of the Perkins lives in. I don't remember just who lived there. I think a near relative of the Hunter family. A Tippets family years ago lived in this old Hunter home. Years ago this Tippets family along with some of the rest of that family moved up into the Lovell, Powell, Wyoming country close to Cody, Wyoming. There is a granary that still stands there among the buildings that are East of this home. The Relief Society Lot was east of this property. I do not recollect that there was ever anything built on this property until the Church let our ward leaders divide this lot into three building lots; where we see this lot occupied by the families that are on it now; Ross Tippets family; Ted Lung family and Gladys Kamplain. How much better it is to have some one living there than to it set vacant with nothing but a weed patch on it. It is too bad that some more weed growing lots couldn't be divided into lots so more can live or move a home or build here.

The home that Bert Westlake lives in, as I stated once before, the first time I remember there was Will Perkins and his family. Later if I remember right, Clifford Hunter bought this home and lot. He lived there and worked on the rail road and run the farm that Bert Westlake owns today. East of Bennington, he sold out to Bert Westlake. He and his family left here. Cliff and May

moved to the Gooding area. They were a good family. From all I know all their children turned out to be good members of the Church.

I spoke of Brother Chester Burbank living on the lot above where Bert Westlake lives now. We no go North on the upper road East of were Tim Crane lives; however where Tim Crane lives this block used to be known as the Public Square. It belonged to the ward for all I know. For years it was only used for a ball diamond. We used to have many good ball games in those days, which I will write about a little later in my writings.

The father of Ralph Stephen's father (George Stephens Sr.) lived in a log home east of the road a little way south of Bill Salveson place. This was a fine old couple. Sister Stephens was a daughter of the former Bishop, that I understand he was Amos R. Wright, father of Conover Wright. We always called them Uncle George and Aunt Winnie. These good people have passed on as many others have. I think of his family. They all left here but one. Don't forget these people; when you class them along with those that helped to make Bennington as it was in those days. I know all of their family. I hope I don't leave any out. Winnie, the wife of Lester Munk, Sial, killed in a train accident, Charles, a veteran of the First World War. George the husband of Ralph Stephen's mother, Ruth. One I did not know to well was Kate. She taught school here for some time, Darwin, who married Viola Carlson from Ovid; she and I played for many dances during the Depression, some years ago. Charles was very athletic. He out ran every one in our valley at one time. Some even tried to beat him by getting runners from other areas all around here. He was a hard man to beat in a foot race. These brothers were all good ball players, which I will write more of in my history of Bennington.

Over in the home that Bill Salveson owns, Brother Bill and Becky Lindsay lived. I don't believe they had a very big family. I believe they adopted or cared for Lee Anderson. He married one of Bill Crane's sisters, Laura Crane. They moved to Salt Lake City a few years after I came west. Marion George's mother was a daughter of Aunt Becky Lindsay. Brother Lindsay died soon after I came west, in fact I believe, the first winter I was here. My brother and I always loved Aunt Becky Lindsay. She was so good to my brother and I as young chaps. Nothing ever pleased me more than to go see Aunt Becky and have her give us a piece of her good home made cake, or bread and butter or at canning time she would give us a dish of peaches and cream. Jared, being a son-in-law, he used to have me help him as a boy once in a while. Marion George's mother was really good to Howard and I also. I have found in life that children born with this kind of parents cannot help but have many of the good qualities rub off onto them.

If we go further up in the field north of our Bennington Reservoir for City Water; the home that Brent Hunter lives in used to set in that area. When I came west I believe Brother and Sister Sam Hall, Sam and Inez we called them, lived there and run the land that Morton has now. I believe this was when their first baby was born. Sam worked in a grocery store in Montpelier for Brennan and Davis for some time after I came west. I think he moved to Utah and worked in a store down there. Finally he came back to Bennington. I believe he and Inez lived here and raised their family where Inez lives at present. I always thought a lot of young Sam Hall. He had a wonderful mother and father. As I mentioned before, she was a Perkins girl. I feel I never had a greater friend than these people were to Howard and I.

The place Doyr Corneilson lives in, a few years ago was that home set on the West side of the highway about half way between the Earl tippets place and the place our Bishop (William A.

Jenson) lives at the present time. There was a large family raised in that home before it was moved to Bennington. When I came west, a family of VanOrman's lived here in the old home. They moved from there not to long after I came west. He was a brother to Mary V. Speirs; his wife was an Ipsen girl, I believe, Art VanOrman's mother and dad. There was quite a large family of Abe's. I knew a few of them as a boy but leaving here as they did, I lost track of them. The old log house they lived in, I believe, was moved down in the back of the lot, used for a barn or machine shed. I am pretty sure Grace and Lloyd Ipsen bought the old Morris Tippets home and had it moved to Bennington where they raised most of their family. They lived in it until they sold it to Cornelison, who owns it now.

There used to be a home on the corner of the M.B. Crane farm; the corner of the lane going up to the town reservoir or Water system. It was moved or town down about the time I came here.

The place that Ann and Morton Hunter live on was occupied by a man by the name of Fred Kisen. He was married to one of the daughters of Daniel Burbank, Mary was her name. Fred was a great supporter of the town. He spent most of his life with the sheep out in the hills in the summer. It was amusing to hear he and Wilson Weaver carry on a conversation from where they lived. After Wilson married Vina Mouritsen, she and Will lived in part of his mothers home, the two west rooms. When he and Fred were doing chores in the morning or night, they used to holler back and forth to one another. Fred was always a good man to have around. When Bennington played a game of anything, especially basketball or baseball. I missed these people very much when they were called home.

The home that is south of Mavin Spark's place used to be the home of Ruth and George Stephens, George named after his father. They had most of their family there in that home. Shortly after Veda and moved to Bennington, we bought the home across the street. The old log house that Wallace and Alta lived in for years until his step-father and step-mother died, then Wallace Weaver moved down where they lived, where Clayton Robison lives at the present time. After fixing up the old log shack so Veda and I could live in it, we moved in, and lived for a few years across from George and Ruth, which we considered some of the best people we ever had for neighbors. George, along with his brothers, always had his place in the Bennington Baseball team. First base man; I can still see him on that first base, he always held it down as if his life depended on it. I am going to mention some of the activities that Bennington participated in before I finish this writing. The home that Mavin Sparks lives in used to set up by the Ipsen Reservoir on the west side of the road just before you crossed the dam. No doubt they raised most of their family there. That is the John P. Ipsen place George Stephen's wife, Ruth, was one of the Ipsen girls. Some time after John P. Ipsen died, this house was moved down where it is now. Sister Ipsen lived there by her daughter Ruth, for a long time. George and Ruth finally sold out and moved to Nampa, Idaho were some of their family had settled. George did not live too long after he moved from all his friends. After he passed away, his wife sold out up there and bought a home in Montpelier where her and one son, Ray, live now. The place that William Crane and Lula live in, when I came west, the Munk family owned this place and lived there. I don't remember the older folks. Most of the younger family I do remember. There was E , the brother that married one of the Wright girls, Fannie; Winnie, George Stephens Sr. Wife, of course was a Wright. Going to the Munk family there was Lester, Lewis, Ada, Nora Collett, Amy, Mina

Perkins. I believe I got most of them. The boys in this family was very athletic, and showed up very well where ever they went. Many of that family have gone to their maker now. It makes me feel that I have been here long enough to see many go and not very often replaced. There has been a number of people that has lived in the Munk home, John Wright bought it at one time. I don't know if he lost it or what took place. He owned the home across the street west. The home that Dan Hunter lived in before he passed away. His wife, Bernice, lived there quite some time after Dan died. After John Wright turned the Munk place back, I am not sure, but I believe the Charles Collett family moved into it. I believe they were living there when my wife and I moved here after we came from California around 1928 or 1930. When I came west, on the corner where Ted Crane lives, was vacant. I believe the ground was owned by Dave Perkins. Ezra Hulme was called to be Bishop of the Bennington ward. He had land out at Maple. He and Wilson Weaver owned ground side by side out where the lone granary is now. Bishop Hulme was on the property south of Wilson Weaver's place. Anyway, part of the house that Ted and Nadine live in was built out to Maple on the Hulme property. It was moved in to town. Where Brother Hulme and his wife, ??nice, spent most of their married life there. When the Second World War started, Brother Hulme sold his place to LeGrand Mouritsen, Irvin's oldest son. He kept it for some time and that family decided to move to Montana, so LeGrand sold this property to Ted and Nadine. Most here have seen the change in it since Ted and Nadine bought it.

I believe I missed the home that was formerly up by the Mouritsen orchard. The home Bob Crane live in. I have mentioned it but I am not sure if I told how it was moved. It was moved while I was away. The men here in Bennington told me the experience they had moving this big house down through all the brush and swamp between Bennington and the place where it set. If I remember right, I was told that it took 20 or 30 teams of horses to bring it down where it sets now. They had to move it while the ground was frozen and plenty of snow on the ground. One of the brothers that used his team to help move it said they never saw so many teams work and pull together as those horses. I have wondered if any one ever took pictures of this great feat, especially in this time. Around here tractors were not prevalent at this time. The farmers in Bennington took a lot of pride in their horses. There were many good horses in Bennington. I believe it was moved on bob sleds, just how many pair I do not remember. Where the house was set, before there was a log barn there, and up where the old log shack that is on the Bob Crane property, sometimes there was some one moved into it in the fall of the year when they lived some distance from town so they wouldn't have to fight so much snow to get to the school and church. It seems like so many people always wanted to move to Bennington, I know it was not the industry that was here or much chance of making much money. As I have mentioned before, there has always been a class of good people that lived here that no matter how many moved away, most every one always wanted to come back to Bennington. I am sure this town would have increased in population if there had been anyway for a man to make a living here for his family. With the good feeling that the people always carried here, most people that every partook of it, wanted to return home to Bennington.

The house that Bob Crane and his family live in housed many good people. When I came to Bennington after Veda and I were married, Sister Mouritsen and a daughter, Nora, lived in the house. Homer and June Mouritsen lived in the south part of it for some time.

One place I have missed is the Bert Richards home, next to the foot hills East of Bennington.

The place many know it by the name of the Silver Pond. Bert Richards raised quite a large family up there. It was sure a beautiful place to live in, especially in the summer. The winters had some beautiful scenery all around it. I don't recall the names of his family. I went to school with the older ones when I first came west. Helena was the oldest, we graduated together from the eighth grade. There was Amanda, named, I believe, after her mother and great grandmother. Her mother was a sister to Shirley L. Alleman's father, H. Lester Lindsay. Mary was one of the younger girls. The boys and younger girls I never got acquainted with too well. They moved away soon after Veda and moved here in the late nineteen twenties. Their names were; Lillian, Elias, Hesper, Joseph and Charles. I must mention the little pond they had up there and the grove of trees down near the pond. The orchard they had, beautiful flowers and garden they used to raise up there, was outstanding. Yes, I say it was a great place to go in the summer for a picnic or camp out.

Bert's boys were pretty handy with a gun. Soon after Veda and I moved here those kids used to drive to school with a team in the winter, walked in the summer. The stray cattle used to get into their horses hay and eat it all so their team did not get much during the day tied to the sleigh. The Richard's boys got tired of the strays getting their feed. We have to realize that the team was tied clear down at the bottom of the school lot. The Richard boy came out one day and saw a young cow standing in his sleigh box eating his horses hay. He pulled a German Lugar gun from his holster and shot that cow and killed it dead. It happened to belong to L. H. Speirs, so they had to dress it out on the school lot and hung it in one of the trees along the south side of the school lot. This family's father went prospecting in his later life. The family had moved to Jackson Hole country when they left here. Bert liked to prospect. He was over in the Diamond Creek area. He got a tooth-ache. I guess it hurt so bad, and he had no way to get to a dentist so he proceeded to use his pocket knife and dug the tooth out of his jaw. Infection set in and he went blind. Over in that country all alone. When he was found, he was crawling on his hands and knees trying to find help. Some one ran on to him. I think he died in the home for feeble minded in Nampa, Idaho. One thing I remember about Helena; she was a scholar on the Book of Mormon, she knew it very well. I never did know if she done much in the church after she left here or not. I don't know if I ever saw her again or not.

The George Edwin Lindsay family lived about a half mile north of the Bert Richards residence. This was Amanda Lindsay Richards father and mother (Mary Ann Hawkins) and her mothers mother (Amanda Susana Boothe Hawkins) lived with them until the death of Mary Ann. Then she was cared for, for a couple of years, by Lester and Vara. Lester and Vara lived yet East of this about a quarter of a mile just about in the mouth of Red Canyon. They raised eight children to maturity. Edwin Reuben the father of George Edwin and part of his family also had a home about 500 feet east and north of his son, George Edwin. The family of George Edwin include a son who was born and died in Utah, buried in Brigham City named George Edwin, Hyrum Lester, Amanda Jane, Clista Ageline, Edna Imogene and Reuben Raymond. Edna passed away in 1975, the last of the original pioneer family, lived at Boise, Idaho the last few years of her life.

I will come back to the Bennington families again. There is a few more things I would like to mention. The Miles Franklin Weaver family lived about a quarter of a mile west of the highway about half way between where Ted Crane lives and Jack Cranes place. This was a wonderful old couple. Some of the best I ever knew; they were always good to me. They had a nice family.

Two of their children I did not know too well: Jasper and Jennie. They both lived in Dingle when I came west. The girls that is the rest of them I knew; one, Mettie, married my wife's brother Lewis Smith; one Melba, married Roy Robison; Bryants mother Idella married, of course, Milton Robison, Bryant Robison's father and mother.

A number of great tragedies came to this family. A terrible disease called Spinal Menningitis struck this family. It took two of Roy's children; Milton and Roys only sister, Emma Dunn. It took Bryants mother, Idella, and a little brother also. This was terrible for the families to go through. Not only this but Roy had a daughter killed on the highway, thrown from the back of a pick up truck. Then Melba, Roy's wife, died at child birth and later, my wife's brother Lewis or Bud, as most knew him, lost his wife; a sister to Melba and Idella. This was surely a tragedy to this family. I wonder sometimes how they ever stood it. I could say much more about this but I better not. But I feel that Bryants dad will be rewarded for the things that he had stood in his life in sorrow and hardship, to endure the things he has. I feel very few could have stood it. You never hear him complain. The great work he has accomplished in these last years has been remarkable.

If we move farther North from here on the Jack Crane property; there is quite a history about this home, especially the Weaver family that used to live there in the old home that set on the place just east of where Jack built his new home. When I first came west, the Horace Weaver Sr. Family lived here in quite a large home. Horace married a sister to Frank Wright, John Wright, Si, Minnie Stephens, Fanny Munk. I don't know, I think I mentioned all of them, but just to give one an understanding of just who they were; I believe Horaces father was a half brother to Franklin Weaver, Bryant's grandfather. Anyway the Horace Weaver family was very talented in music. They had an orchestra in the family for years and toured all over the west in the summer. There was only one girl, Faun. She played their Piano. Mark was an artist on the Violin, Wright played the Trumpet or Cornet; Raeo played the Clarinet; Horace, one named after his father, played some with them on the Trombone. There was Elmer and Frank; I don't think they ever played with them. The youngest son whom most around here of the middle age class remember, Melvin and his family. He used to live with his mother on the farm that Jack Crane has. He lived for some time in the house that Allyn Phelps tore down where he moved his home. His mother also lived there for a time before she passed away. Melvin, being the youngest of the family, he played the drums for the orchestra. Later he learned the Saxophone and played with his sister and brother Taeo for some time after my wife and I moved here after we were married. We used to accept their invitations to go to the dances where ever they played. Veda and I really liked to dance in those days. We went to many dances just before the Depression hit us in the late nineteen twenties and early thirties. As I said, the Weaver family was very good in their music, and also they were good ball players. In fact, if Uncle Horace, as we ball players called him, and Aunt Addie would of had a full ball team if Faun had been a boy; this family was also good to my brother Howard and I. I think back about them and felt like they were numbered along with the best friends I ever had. Quite a few of them have gone to their maker now. Their memories still linger with me as yet.

I think of the family that lived out between Bennington and the Old Crane Ranch, out by Andy Jenson's; were Bishop Jenson lives now. William Crane's father and mother lived some where near a mile or more West of the highway. I believe the house still sets down there. Anyway here

was another home that many good people came from, the Jim Crane family. As a boy, when I first came west, I knew this family pretty well. I feel like I had many friends among them, Howard and I both. I remember when they used to come to school from out there in the winter. We have to remember in those days the boys and girls couldn't step into a warm bus and go to school, but the boys and girls both had to face the cold weather to get to go to school. I wonder in those days if our youth didn't get more out of school than they do today. I think I could put up quite an argument on this issue. I don't remember if this family entered in sports as much as some. I could name most of this family but I won't try to at this time. The one daughter married Les Anderson, a boy I believe sister Becky Lindsay, Marion Parkers (George) grandmother raised him. He may have had some connection to this family. He married Bill Crane's sister Laura. They took up a homestead out in the Rowley Canyon. The house they lived in was moved some where West of where Bishop Jensen lives now.

While Lee and Laura was proving up on this homestead, I lived as a chap, one summer with them. Lee used to scare me some in those days as I said I was still a little green from coming from the East. I believed everything that anyone said to me. It seems like everyone in these days were talking about rabid coyotes. The Second World War was on then and I was worried about everything, as a boy. I and my brother Howard, had no mother, or no father as we might say, so we had to rely on others to tell us the truth. Not long after this, Lee took his family and moved, left Bennington. He lived for a while in Soda Springs and then he moved to Salt Lake and went into carpentry work. I did not see him or Laura much after this. My boy, Dennis went down there shortly after he was married and worked for Lee and his two boys, Joel and Elliot in the construction business.

Wilson Weavers father and mother, as I stated before in my writing, used to live for years in the home that Arnold Sorenson has at the present time, across the street to the west from Bob Crane's and Verdene's. Uncle Pete and Aunt Mary was another couple that were really good to my sister, my younger brother and myself. They used to go to Maple Canyon every summer, take their cows out there to pasture, and raise a garden. They would leave their chickens down to the home in Bennington. I would take care of them during the summer months. Aunt Mary would give me so many eggs each week. My sister, brother and I was really glad to get them, for father, working away from home, left such a little for us to live on. I sometimes wonder what we would have done if it had not been for the good people here in Bennington. I felt, at times, that they resented us some because we were not members of the church then. I know some of the teachers in school, I felt like, abused us because we did not have any parents. They would make fun of us before the rest of the kids in the school room. It was not long before we both learned to hold our own in the town. Many times I did small jobs for others and never did get pay to help me on my way. But I found one thing that I am so thankful for and that was to watch others, and try to choose the good life that they lived and follow them as closely as I could. Many of the good qualities I formed in life was gotten from good living people that I learned to love and appreciate the good things they did for us.

I feel that I have pretty well covered most of the town of Bennington since the year of November 25, 1915. If I failed to tell everything that happened here, it would take a lot more time to do it. I have told many things that most people might be interested in, although I know I could have gone to a few others and got a lot more information that I have put in this writing.

Many instances of things that happened that no doubt would have been very interesting, to have written about. I have done this mostly from memory. I will try to add some more to this writing; which might be a challenge to some for what I write. I realize that I was gone from Bennington for a few years, maybe three or four. A few things happened here while I was away that I only heard about in a roundabout way. I will miss much that some would like to have had me write about.

I think of the early days when I first came here to Bennington. I and my sister and brother ate our first meal with Uncle Pete and Aunt Mary Weaver. The first place we went to in Montpelier was a Chinese or Jap Restaurant. We did not eat here but stayed by his warm fire till my father hooked up the team he borrowed from Uncle Pete Weaver and came and took us on our first sleigh ride to Bennington. My brother and I went to school as soon as we got there; of course I and Howard had gotten a little ahead of the schools out here for we had been going to a school in Olean, New York. They advanced my brother Howard one grade after a few days in school. I was quite large, and had not had a chance to go to school much before I was nine years old. It seemed that I learned quite fast, I was in the third grade. Our first teacher here was Geneva Welker, a family that lived in the home that Conover Wright and his mother occupied for a long time. The Welker's lived there when I first came west. Geneva was the teachers name. She married one of the Horace Weaver boys, the older one Frank, soon after we came here. Anyway they put me into the fourth grade that fall. By New Years, they decided to step me up one more grade. I went into the fifth grade the first of the year (1916) and I passed it in the spring by the skin of my teeth. I missed the grades I skipped and have all my life. It was not long before I found out I lost a lot by not going through these grades. One heart ache: not long after, my dear sister, not being cared for as she should haven, had to go out on her own and pay her own way. My father was not too good a provider for we children after we came west; so we all three had to get on our own as soon as we could make it. We started quite young in life to make our own way. Of course, everything has come so easy ever since, OH Yea. I think back of the good times we had here in Bennington when I first came here. I said before that I would prove to you that Bennington was made up from some of the best stock in the world. For a little town to accomplish what they have in many outstanding things, is to me, amazing. Not in making millionaires or big moneyed people, but, people that had the guts, in short terms, to do things. I think of the Ward Reunions they used to have here. No, they didn't go to the store and buy canned stuff to put on a feed, but the plates they fixed for a feed came from some of the greatest cooks that God put on earth. We think of feeds that we go to now and so much is make believe. Some one opened up a package of something or other, made a cake with all the stuff coming from a box. Sometimes I feel like it would be better to throw the cake away and eat the box. It no doubt, would have the same food value in it. Meats they cook now with all their fancy trimming, does not compare anywhere near what these good old pioneer women used to cook with. Their meals came from their head not from a box or package. I was a young boy for a long time but after I came here, when I first came back here to live after Veda and I were married, Veda said herself that she felt like Bennington could still put on a feed better than she ever ate in a ward gathering. So you see, this same way to fix a meal rubbed off on many of the children from the good old pioneer stock.

Enough about food. Let me talk about the talent that was here. I don't remember a time

when Bennington couldn't take part in anything that they wanted to do. Sing: We had some of the best quartets. Where could one go in a little town like Bennington and get 4 or 5 quartets out of it. I saw this here at one time. They always had those that could help put on a three act play that was as good as you would see or hear anywhere.

Programs used to be put on that took the place of the best anywhere you could go. Some of these older men that lived here years ago could take wonderful parts in plays. We had good promoters. I remember Lee Andersen done a wonderful job with a three act play. Someone could always fill in with a musical number and they didn't have to go to China or Japan to get some one to take part. I say we had some of the best talent around. What about sports: some might think that I am getting to far out on a limb to tell all of this about Bennington, but you prove me wrong if you think you can. I remember the baseball games that they used to have here when I first came here. Their ball diamond was up on the Public Square where the Hunters live; East across the road from where Wilson Weaver built his home. I remember some of the ones that played on their ball team. One or two of their good players passed away about the time I came west. I remember George Stephens, Oliver Wright, Conover Wright, Ephraim Burbank. He was just a small man, but could he throw a ball. I remember when building a home in Star Valley, some of the older people asked me all about the ball players that used to be in Bennington. They always recognized the talent from our little town but they wanted to know where Ephraim Burbank went to or what happened to him. I told them he left here and went to Nampa, Idaho. They told me, not only one, but 3 or 4 told me this; if Bennington had left Ephraim Burbank home they might have beat Bennington when they played ball. They said, when we saw them come on to the ball diamond and Burbank was there, they knew they were beat before they had started. I think you could talk to Oliver Wright and he could tell you a lot about the ball team of Bennington. Irvin Mouritsen used to play with them, the Weaver brothers from the Horace Weaver family, the Stephens boys, the Mouritsen family had many good players in their family, the Wright family, and the Perkins family. All of these families carried on the place that Bennington took as long as they played ball here. It has been a lost art here for years now that is hard BASEBALL. We always looked forward for years to the ball games that were played here and near towns. The Bennington ball diamond finally ended up on the lot across the street North of where Ross Tippets and Ted Lung moved their homes. If anyone wanted to run a foot race or challenge some one from Bennington for a foot race, a boxing match, a wrestling match, a horse race, or a pulling team match, put on the boxing gloves, or anything anyone wanted to challenge Bennington for, they could always find plenty of competition here.

I was never one to take to sports too much but was always a good watcher. I look back on these days as some of the happiest days of my life; even after I came back here with my wife and to raise my family. I found that I had some of the best friends I ever had in my life. Many don't remember one young man that died quite young by the name of Clay Wright. He was really athletic and could he run. It took a good foot racer to out run him or even stay in his dust. He was one of the best and most true pals I ever had in my life. A real pal no matter what came up. If he had money, she shared it together. If I had some, it was the same with me. One don't find these kind of friends anymore, at least not very often.

It seems like that the means of something to do for recreation was not hard to find. In the early days I spent here in Bear Lake Valley, one could always find something to do. We didn't have to get into a car and drive a thousand miles for recreation. The young people would take their lunch and walk to the foot hills and cook them a dinner of some kind, if they had a few potatoes, an onion or two, a few eggs, some postum or cocoa to make a hot drink, it seemed to please our group that went together very much. Or we used to pull pranks on some of the farmers, finding a milk cow and proceed to milk her so we would have some good old cows milk to drink. I remember a number of times when different farmers wondered why their cows didn't give much milk, of course we were all too frightened to tell them.

I will tell another one on myself and a brother of Conover Wright. His mother, Aunt Louella Wright lived in the home Conover and Lenore used to live in. Their barn and corrals were down in the west corner of the lot. They had an old jersey cow along with a few others that I helped Rue, her son, milk. And each day she would give my sister, brother and I a small bucket of milk, not that they could spare the milk, but out of her good heart. She gave us this milk because she knew that we did not have much in our home to live on. Rue and I would drive this old Jersey behind the barn so his mother couldn't see us, wash her bag and tits off good and clean. This cow was very easy to milk, she had nobs on each tit that you could squeeze a little, and the milk would just about fall into the bucket. Rue would get on one side and I would get on the other, put her tit in our mouth and suck milk from her till we would get our fill. Yes, this might see terrible to some, but one never knows what young boys will do when they get together. This worked out OK for a while, until his mother came out to the corral and caught us sucking the cow, and this right soon was put to a stop for us to get our daily nourishment this way.

I realize boys and girls have been noted to do crazy things when they collected to get her, boys then were not different than they are today in many ways. I won't relate much more in regards to what we used to do in these early days of Bennington.

After I came to Montpelier, I remember or about the time I came here, Montpelier had dirt roads to travel on. The same people had to travel on wherever they went in these days. When we think and compare the roads we travel on today, there is quite a contrast then and now. It was 2 or 3 years after I came to Bennington before my brother and I ever went to Montpelier. Later on we used to go to town and see a silent movie. Our means of transportation was by horseback, dog sled, walk, or team and sleigh. We didn't get to go very often.

One of the best things I ever remember of going to was a big circus that came to Montpelier. My father opened his heart for once and took us to it. As far as I can remember, that was the best circus that I ever saw in my life, before or since. I remember a small circus came to Bennington 2 or 3 times, and for a long time we had a move once a week. I believe it was a Jensen that brought it out here each week. He showed a continued show called Pearls of Pauline, which was very good for a silent picture.

When I reminisce over these early days of my life, I cannot help but think of the many good people that lived since that time. I realize one cannot help it or go back and live these times over, but one cannot stop and think a lot how proud I am to be one of those I have written about.

The early days of my life here; I think back on the ways the people had to do to get their fuel to keep warm in the cold winter months. A very little coal was burned then. I know my father was one that usually had work so he could get coal to keep warm by. We have to realize that it

was unheard of for a home to be insulated. One was lucky if they could close their home in well enough to keep the cold blizzards from blowing through the doors, windows and walls. Still we have to realize things in many ways was a lot better than they were when this valley was first settled. Of course, I would not try to take anyone back this far, without going back in the history of this little town of Bennington. Never the less, I think how hard it was for some of the older people to have to rustle wood to keep warm. There are a few still left here that knows how hard it was for their parents and even their husbands worked to get logs for fuel out. I think that there is one survivor that could tell a lot more than I can that had the experience of going to the canyon for logs to have sawed for lumber and also for fuel to keep warm. They had no buzz saw to cut their wood with but it all had to be done, cut by hand or use a cross cut saw, a large one, to cut the bigger stuff up. I will try and use one of the last survivors of this time that I speak of, of course there were older ones than he. I remember him very well because he always had such a good team of horses and always took good care of them. His harnesses were always kept up in good shape. This is Oliver Wright. Oliver could tell a lot more than I can in this way because he was one that worked very hard to go into these canyons around and near here for logs for lumber and fuel to burn. I sometimes wonder how some of them ever survived the cold and bad weather to endure the hardship of going to the canyon for wood. Men like Oliver, using him for an example, had to get up in the wee hours of the morning, do their chores, they usually had 6 to 12 cows to milk and care for before they left, feed other stock they had, take care of their canyon team, harness the, eat their breakfast, and be on their way some times quite a time before daylight; headed for the steep old canyons east of Bennington, sometimes to cut a load down or they might have it piled so they could drive to it when the snow came so they could use their bob sleds to haul it out on. One thing for sure, you never saw them come home without a load unless something unusual happened. I helped some in this kind of a life, I had a taste of it, but nothing like the older stock.

After I moved here soon after Veda and I were married. The means of getting fuel let up some. It got so it was better to buy coal if anyone had anyway of earning the price of it. There was no electric heat or gas or oil heat as there is today. Many homes for quite some time after I came back here, especially in the upper part of town, had no electric lights or but a few phones was in the town. I helped to wire quite a few homes here for lights. No bath rooms in the homes or running water, outside toilets: OH, but was they cold to go to in the winter. Wells had to be dug, and I feel I did my share to help dig them. Then it was either put a frame over your well, with a pulley in the top of it, put a rope through it, tie a bucket on it, and drop it to the water usually 50 to 70 feet deep and draw your water for culinary use this way. Those that were luckier or had a little more to do with could put a hand pump in their wells and pump their water this way. Later on, lights were made available. A water system was installed, homes became modern with running water, bathrooms in them, times were changing to where there was more cars bought and farms were run by the use of tractors. Yes, modern way came our way to where we find little old Bennington a different place entirely to live, even as we think how much better things are for people to live here, but it has not given us the same unity or love for one another as the old early people of this community had in the early days that I came here. Some may challenge me for saying this, but I still feel that people as a whole are still good, but it seems to me that there has been a change in our people since this condition we face today came among us.

I could challenge anyone that would like to take it up with me and prove to them that we do not have the true spirit here or any where that used to be among our people. We wonder sometimes just what brought this change on??? You think back with me, a few years back, some of the great things that made Bennington great was our school. A few of our people went along with others trying to make us think that our children would get more out of school by taking our kids to bigger centers, evidently I feel this took place, there was a scheme planned to get our children placed where they want them. Then the evil one could do with them; teach them what they wanted them to learn, do away with the old system of learning and bring this new system in so they could control the minds of our children. I watched very close since they took prayer out of the schools, and think of the Atheists that was responsible for this. Our schools have been going down the drain ever since. I remember when I first came west, there used to be prayer in the school room every morning, religion class taught once a week. This was before I was baptized into the church, but I remember what a great feeling and effect his had on our school. I say this, I heard our school principal in the Montpelier school, say he could not understand why it was that our grade school children are turned out of their rooms without being able to read, write, spell or do simple mathematical problems. You will tell me, if you can, just what are your children getting in their school room today, and let me say this, the time will soon come to where parents will have to take their children out of federal controlled schools if they think enough of them to save them from the ravages of Satan.

Another thing that I would like to write in this history of Bennington is the schools that we have had since I first came here, as I said before, the gym that we use here now, was the school that set where the newer school was torn down after the snow caved it in. I wonder who was responsible for getting the school that was here when I was a boy. It didn't have all of the modern facilities in it that we have today. Never the less, the boys and girls that went to it, went there to learn how to read, write, spell and do arithmetic problems, they learned about their physical bodies, about history and what great men that helped build this country. Geography was also taught to where those that wanted to learn pretty well was prepared to go out on their own to make a living for themselves. Of course, some had the opportunity to go to high school, the high school in our valley at this time was the building in Paris that set up on the hill west of Paris. I think that young men and women that went there to school got as much that was good for them as the kids get in our modern Federal controlled schools. Going back to the little old school I first went to, I think of the good I got from it and I think that most of the boys and girls feel the same as I do. I got just as much as I was willing to put for the effort to learn. Today I feel the inefficiency to even write this history because I wanted to fool around too much and did not get all I could from the Language books that we used, no, I have no one to blame for my mistakes I make in writing, and goodness knows I make plenty of them. As I say, I have no one to blame but myself. I wonder just who was responsible for that first building that was here when I came west in the year 1915. I wonder if they had as much trouble getting it for the community as it seems like Bennington always had to get anything that we needed to improve our conditions for the parents and the children in those days. It seems like there was always some person that bucked everything that we needed here. Usually it was some one who had their interest in Montpelier, that spent most of their time in a place they should not have been; or some skin flint or a person that was too tight with the little money they had to see anything good progress. I am

sure that there is one or two still here that could tell who was responsible for the Old School house that we used today for a Gym. I think what an interesting story that building could reveal if it was possible for it to talk.

When I left Bennington for a period of a few years, the old school still stood there. I will tell you a few teachers that taught here after I came 'till I got through the eighth grade over twice. They could not afford to go to high school so they would take the eighth grade over twice so they could get all they could from it. I found that most of those who did this was very well prepared to face life. No, maybe they were prepared to go out in the world to get rich, but they were able to face the world with a desire to do the best they could.

As I state, Clarence Wright taught for many years here, he was a good teacher. I felt bad at times because he treated me as he did. I often wondered if he did this because I was not a member of the church then. Geneva Welker, soon to become Geneva Weaver, taught the smaller grades. After she was married, a sister of Ida Wright, by the name of Freeda Allenback, taught the small room for some time. She was the same as Sister Ida Wright was loved by everyone in the ward. After she left I believe Kate Stephens taught here in the small room. After Clarence Wright left the school, Amos Hulme came here to teach. He had just gotten married and lived down where Wayne and Marion George lives now. I finished the eighth grade under him. I lost track of the teachers after this time. Not only this, but they moved the old school from where they built the new one where it is, and of course, the new school took its place. The old church was still here and was here for some years after Veda and I moved here. The gym was fixed up for a place to dance and they fixed it for basketball. I remember when basketball first came to Bennington. They played in the auditorium of the old church. We have to remember there were quite a few more people here than I believe there has been since. The auditorium in the old church was not very large, no where big enough to meet the specifications for a basketball court, and when they got 10 big men in on it, it sounded like the old church was going to tumble down. Many great memories comes from that old church, and I want you to know that those that were responsible to help build that church, as the older people told me that the people of this community had to sacrifice a lot to get it built to where they could use it. When I came west I remember going there to primary. This was some time before I became a member of the church. People in those days used to pay their tithe in the farm produce they raised. There was a granary North across the road from Mrs. Kamplains, set back in the lot to put tithing grain in. At one time there was a root cellar to take care of vegetables, potatoes and such to store them in. A hay barn or shed was built to store hay that was payed in tithing in. The top of that building is on the place that Calvin cranes dad had. Also a pair of wagon scales was up there. He bought this building and moved it up in his corral where it has been used for years to store hay in and to lamb their sheep in. The old granary was moved to the Ezra Hulme place where Ted Crane lives now. I believe Ted still used it. There was a beautiful grove of trees where the New church is, or is built. In the old church, I remember when the ward turned out to excavate out from the north part of the old church, two class rooms were made here as well as a room for the furnace to heat the old building with. A stove or heater was used in the basement to heat the two rooms. I remember so well the good old folks that used to use this church, as I stated the Lords Choicest people in the world consisted of these people. One could not help but remember them and love them all. GOD BLESS THEIR MEMORIES. Still in this old church, we did not have bath

rooms in it or running water. There was a driven well just west of where the church set that we got our water from for the church. Not too far in the future the building of a new chapel was talked up, and how happy the day when the ward had the go ahead to build a big part of the old church that so many has enjoyed since. A water project was talked up, and with WPA help, Bennington got a new water system; where everyone that could afford it soon modernized their homes. This was about the end of the depression that we had witnessed. No people could have been blessed more at this time than the people of this ward to have running water in our homes. Veda and I had purchased the store from Wilson and Vina Weaver about the time this water was put in to our town. However, we were not able to hook on to the water at this time. We were paying for the store, and one could not get money as easy in those days as most can now. The change of times have made it so some can bowwow up into the thousands of dollars now as long as some can put their name on a note or contract they little realize what it is until they sign their life away in this way. I think back of the opposition some were opposed to the ward leaders for undertaking this project at this time. Of course, as usual those that hardly ever stuck their foot inside of the church was usually the ones that opposed the building of the church.

I think back of how hard it was for Bennington to get a new school for our town, of course, I was not here at the time, but a few that was implicated in it told me all of the opposition they got for even thinking of such a thing to build a new school, well I was very well acquainted with most of these men; Brother Art Crane, Ted's and Calvin's dad, Jared Parker, Ross Parker's dad, Conover Wright, Wilson Weaver. I do not know just who was the trustees at this time. Conover Wright, Lester Lindsay and Clarence Wright were also prominent figures in this project. I am sure that the trustees along with others, supported these that worked for the betterment of the ward and done what they could do to get the project passed on. I know after I came back here, Veda and I to live, the trustees always had a lot of opposition no matter what they tried to do to make our community look better. I feel most people that lived here soon after this building was in use, was very proud to know they lived in a community that cared enough for their children to have good school and a church for our people to attend. One thing I always felt bad for was to see them destroy the little grove of trees that grew where the new church now stands. It was such a pretty place to hold picnic's and some times in the summer to go out on the lawn to hold a class in primary, or Sunday school. But I always felt that these that were chosen to lead the Ward always knew best, so it is better to follow the ones that hold the authority. Not only this; it seems that those that never had any par in helping to build the community up or help to make our town any bigger, always done everything they could to help destroy it. So many in these later years felt that we should join up with bigger places that our youth would stand a better chance in mingling with the world. I say this has not proven to be right so far as I can see. We need to keep doing things to help make our community a better place to live in. At the present time we have good leaders in our ward. I feel as good as any I have seen in our valley; very good for our time. We can make Bennington a better place to live in if we will only support our Bishop and his counselors; that are chosen for our ward. I say -- (God BLESS THEM IN THEIR ENDEAVORS).

I feel that I have covered our little town of Bennington pretty well. I have not tried to bring out everything that has happened in the last 60a years in to it. I have touched on the high lights of many of the changes in our town of Bennington. I realize many could add more to what I have

written. That's OK but remember time has been passing by for some time now. Others have had the opportunity to write what I have and a lot more. If they think they can; there is plenty of time yet so I challenge anyone to do this. I have written this from memory; the things I remember best. Some, no doubt, will see many mistakes I make. We have that opportunity to write another record. I will cast mine aside if yours turns out better than mine does. I feel as a convert to the church; and having the understanding of it, I realize I fall down in many things. I admit it, but there are so many today rely on going to church and partaking of the sacrament that they can do anything that they want to, figuring by taking th; this sacred emblem; the sacrament, that they can say anything, criticize others, judge them, find faults with others, lie a little, steal a little, swear and talk dirty, in fact live and do anything they like, lets not leave this out; find fault with our leaders of our stake and ward, even the leaders that stand at the head of the church and many people or members think that they can get away with these things because they claim to be members of the true church, partake of the sacrament, go to the temple, pay their tithes and other offerings and they are all ready to be saved. I say good luck to them. I have read too much scripture to find this to be true. I do not say it is not right to partake of the sacrament, but I feel that I would be afraid to partake of it unless I can keep gods commandments and live worthy so I won't be held accountable for the tings that I know to be wrong and keep doing.

As things come to me after writing this small history of Bennington, I decided to add a few things that might be interesting for some to read, so I will add a little to this that I have already written.

I will write now of an experience that I very well remember. I will mention about the man that I had this experience with. A son of Samuel R. Hall and his wife Mace. These folks as I have mentioned were wonderful people. I remember when I used to stay with them for a while. I don't remember of ever hearing him swear or use the Lords name in vain, or talk dirty. I found as I went into life these kind of men set a fine example for young people to be around. If he ever talked this way I sure don't remember. Yes, Aunt Mace and Uncle Sam were wonderful people.

His son, named no doubt after his father, could not help but have some of these good life qualities; or good blood in his veins, for his son Sam; Inez Hall's husband also was a good man. Some, no doubt, can think of some of the things that many that I have written about was not just right of brother Sam Hall but that, no doubt, as all or us a re not 100% perfect, but I say, just who is perfect. We all have our weaknesses. These people that lived here years ago were good men. Yes, I say no doubt we all have faults and most people can find the faults of others but cannot find the faults in themselves. Yes, this a bad habit in this old world; to find fault with others, thinking that we are perfect. As I get older, I find it is a poor policy to judge others, for we put ourselves in a lower bracket in the eyes of the Lord than the one we judge, so as Latter Day Saints, we have to be careful when we run down the lives of others.

I write of young Sam Hall now, Inez Hall's husband. I think back in my earlier years of life, and think of this man, as one of the best men I ever worked for. I never found this man running down others. In fact he always spoke well of everyone. He treated me better or as good as anyone I ever worked for. I don't remember a cross word that he ever spoke to me. Kind and good. I feel like I have a right to express my thoughts in his behalf. He was a man really devoted to our gospel. He knew much scripture off by heart. I don't think it was ever his intention of hurting anyone.

I am going to tell of this experience I had with him going to the canyon one time. I don't remember just what year it was but it was soon after I got out of school; before I left Bennington for a few years. Brother Hall was short of wood. He asked me if I would like to go to the Canyon to get some. Of course, I always liked to be with Brother Hall so I went along with him. If you look direct East of Bennington, on top of the two high peaks, you will notice that there is a ridge up there, at this time there was a lot of good wood, standing dry pinion pine trees up there. To get clear upon the ridge it was not so steep as it was down below or in a little canyon below. I believe it is the head of Red Canyon, up by where Shirley Alleman's folks lived in the mouth of this canyon. Brother Hall had a fine team of black horses. They were a beautiful team. He had bought a brand new harness for them. Any man would have been proud of driving this team or be seen driving them along the road. We left Bennington early in the morning; not Sunday morning either. This is one thing he did not do is work on Sunday. He hooked the team on his wagon. Inez put up a lunch for us and we started out. We drove a ways north of Lester Lindsay's place where they lived, out across the fence line going north. Left the back part of his wagon in the mouth of the canyon, took the front wheels left the rear intact with the front wheels, drove north to a little canyon called Cart Hollow, and followed it to the top of the hill north of Red Canyon.

Let me describe some of the beauty of this mountain east of Bennington. However one could find beauty everywhere you went in the mountains in this valley and surrounding valleys. I think back of those days, the wild flowers, the beautiful birds building their nests in the trees. Every so often we could hear the hoot of an owl, see a chicken hawk, or eagle flying above, hear their calls, the green leaves on the trees, a pond of water for the range cattle to drink from in the summer. Once in a while a snow drift in the green pines, a small trickle of a spring winding its way down a small canyon headed in the direction to join a bigger stream, one can even find beauty in the sage brush, and all vegetation growing everywhere. I believe if one was to go over this same route that we went, one could find the pond I spoke of at the head of Cart Hollow. Farther on top on the high peak north of the ridge I spoke of, right on top there was a spring that found its way to be alive at the time we were up there; although we stayed below it at this time, but I rode a Roan colored pony that Brother Hall sold me as a young chap, and was she a wonderful pony to ride in the hills on. Anyway, I rode her to the top of this mountain a number of times, and saw this spring. It didn't run far, but OH, was it cold and good tasting water. I wonder today if it still is flowing up there. When one was up there, words cannot describe or do justice to the beautiful scenery one could feast your eyes upon. One could see all over the valley to the lake at the far south of our valley. When the valley is green with the crops growing in it, it looked like a quilt that we used to call a crazy mans quilt. To find anything more beautiful than this, one would have to travel some distance to see it. When you look down on it you see the little town of Bennington, one can see Georgetown and Nounan valley, Montpelier, and Bern and other small town in the valley. Do you think this is worth seeing? Yes, I feel that this is worth protecting and fighting for. When one thinks that there is no God, all they have to do is sit and reminisce for a while in a place like this. Anyone in their right mind cannot help realize that there has to be a God above all things to be the Author of all of this. I have not mentioned the beauty of the wild life, once in a while one is fortunate enough to see a deer scampering through the forest, with a fawn at her side. Once in a while a bear might cross your trail. Porcupines, rabbits, a wild chicken of different s

species, will fly up in your view. Yes, God is the author of all of this. It was put here on earth for man to enjoy. Yes, all of this. What a great blessing it is, to know there is a God that controls the things of this earth.

Now I will go back to getting our load of wood. When we got to the hear of Cart Hollow, we unhooked our team from the wagon, took a single tree from the double trees, and a chain each. We mounted a horse and started up where we could get some wood. Men that worked in the canyon used to single their horses out and cut a drag apiece for each horse to drag down the canyon, then load it on the sleigh bob or front wheels of a wagon and drag down the canyon, then load it on the sleight bob or front wheels of a wagon and drag the tip, ends down, to where we left the back wheels, load it on the wagon and drive home with what wood you got. Brother Hall and I followed this upper end of Red Canyon nearly to the top of the ridge. The south side of the canyon was covered with small trees, with some dry stuff among them, never- the- less we headed for the big stuff. When we got within I would say a quarter or half mile of the top, we run onto a large dry pinion pine tree. I don't remember how big and tall it was, but it was on a steep slope. We had a 5 or 6 foot cord wood cross cut saw, not one run with a gas engine, for they were unheard of then, if there was any. I am sure they were not around here anyway. I remember we proceeded to cut this tree down. It was big enough to where this saw we had was nearly too short to cut it clear down with. I would say no doubt it was 4 or 4 1/2 feet in diameter; we tackled it anyway. Brother Hall had much experience in the canyon so I just helped him and let him use his judgement to cut it down. We tied our horses quite some distance from where we cut this tree. He made a notch in the side we wanted to fall from, or course up hill. There was no too many limbs on it. If we had got it; it would have made a good log for fire wood. This is the catch to the story about this tree; Sam and I cut on it till we cut to where it started to pinch our saw. Brother Hall would make some wooden wedges and wedge it so we could continue to cut on it. We continued this till we had it nearly cut clear off to where we cut the notch; still it did not fall. It was a still day, not a breeze stirring. If there had been, it would have blown over. Believe it or not, we cut the tree clear off and it still stood there. We were afraid it might fall on one of us so we did not try to fall it. We left it standing there on its stump, and cut us some smaller stuff on the way back down to where we left the front wheels of the wagon. We got two nice drags of wood which made a pretty good load on a wagon bunk. We loaded it up and started for home. When we started out of Cart Hollow to cross the side hill to get to the mouth of Red Canyon were the rest of the wagon was left, we got about half way across this sidling hill and over our load went, wagon and all. The horse on the lower side braced herself and held the one on the upper side with her weight on the lower horses back. Remember now, the horse on the lower side held the other horse up and her feet were dangling. I have never seen anything like it since. Brother Hall was a man that used a lot of wisdom. He, as well as I, wondered how we would ever get that one horse off the back of the other. Remember now, he had just got a brand new harness. Brother Hall knew that the one mare could not stand there much longer; or very long without going down. We got the two horses back together. Brother Hall tied the cut tug together with one tie rope he had to tie the horses up with. We finally got the wagon back in place, drug the logs back above the wagon, loaded them again, hooked the team back on the wagon, and then came on home. It throwed us late, but his was quite an experience for both of us. If I remember right, he told me some time after, he went back up there and got that tree we

cut; that still stood after we ran our saw clear through it. I guess the first wind that came along blew it down.

As I write this, I can hardly keep the tears from my eyes, for as a boy, I had a lot of respect for Brother Sam Hall and His father also. As a boy, Howard and I were boys, Howard stayed with Sam and Inez for some time. I am sure he was always good to Howard too. I know he was always whenever I was around. I think back and I cannot remember a time when I ever heard either his father or him profane or talk dirty when we were ever near them. Men like this should have had a good influence around young people. If any of their families ever took up with this failing, it is a cinch that the way I feel, they can never say they got it from their grand parents or their own parents. I feel that Sam and Inez always set a good example for their children to follow. They have no one to blame but themselves to blame if they got out of line in any way.

As I reminisce over these old folks that I have mentioned in this writing, tears can not help but come to my eyes for the memories I have for nearly all the folks that have been called back home to the God that gave them life. I only hope and pray that I can live worthy to meet these good people when I am called to pass through that veil that we will all have to go through some day, what time and what day very few ever know.

I think of the tragedy that happened to brother Hall when he left this life. I will always believe that his death was one we often hear of; as one that was changed in the twinkling of an eye. I believe he was a good enough man that the Lord did have a great work on the other side for him to do. I would not be afraid to say that the Lord has kept him busy teaching the gospel to many locked up in prison. As sad as his parting was for his loved ones; I cannot help feel that his family would not have wanted him to lay and suffer for years like some do. I am sure his death was sweet for him, or I feel he had nothing to fear to meet his Maker. I hope someday I will be where I can see him again.

Yes, there are others that I know were good righteous men and women, many that will or did earn a great reward while here on earth. How happy I am that I am not the judge, for if I were, I no doubt would want to forgive many for the mistakes they made here on earth or in this earth life. We came here with the understanding that it would be a testing ground for all of us. Many little realize just what they would do if they had none of the obstacles to face as others. I feel with my own life, with all the criticism I get, I feel I have tried to do the best I could under the circumstances that I have lived under. Our lives we know , is based on how we endure to the end. We need Gods help to do this.

#### ANOTHER RIDER

Something that I have thought of that might be of interest to some. First, I will write a little in regards to my brother and I. As I wrote before, after my sister Rowena, Howard and I came west, my sister, on account of things getting so hard for her to exist here without some financial help, she left my father's home and went out to get a job of house work to earn money to buy her some clothes. Most people in those days didn't have their clothes closets filled with extra clothes and wearing apparel, but were lucky to have clothes enough to cover their own backs. Anyway, my sister found quite a lot of work at this time. After earning enough to get her clothes, she decided to earn enough to go back East where we came from, among the rest of the family. When it came time to say goodbye to her, it was while I was out to Rowley Canyon with Lee and Laura Anderson, where they were proving up on a homestead some time before. Anyway, while I

was with them, Brother Wilson Weaver with another young couple, brought my sister out there to bid me goodbye. Well, I will never forget the shock it was for me and my brother; the only loved one in our family out here. We felt as long as she was around, we had someone that would help to look out for Howard and I. After they left me out there, I can remember how I shed tears for the loss of my dear sister. Now Howard and I was left alone to face the world , alone other than the good people that was around here that still treated us wonderful. We knew that we did not or could not expect any sympathy from our father, so it was a battle of life for both of us at this time to face the world together.

Another experience in the canyon with the two good brothers here in Bennington. Sometimes we think that we have really hard winters here in this area now. When you mention the winters we had here when I first came out west; then some will say how I exaggerate these things. Maybe some that was not here or even were here cannot recall some of these winters. The one I will write about was soon after I got out of school or graduated from the eighth grade. I fed horses and cattle for Wilson Weaver and his mother, Aunt Mary Weaver. She had three or four cows to milk that I took care of until spring, until the mill that Will worked in, in Montpelier for his brother-in-law, slowed down where they did not have work for him anymore. I left Aunt Mary's home and went and stayed with Chet and Hannah Burbank the rest of that winter. It was early in the spring; the snow had not started to leave yet. We had a few wet storms that settled the snow down, made it wet enough to form a coat of crust on it. It is almost unbelievable to realize how solid it was. It got so hard that you could take a team and sleigh and drive anywhere you wanted to go on top of the crust. Believe it or not, one did not have to worry about opening gates for you went anywhere you wanted right over the top of the fences. At this time, Brother Wilson Weaver and Chet Burbank decided to go up on the mountains to get some fuel to burn. So we hooked up our team, loaded our tools to work with and chains to tie the wood on the sleigh with, and went straight east to the mouth of Dry Hollow. Looking East you will notice a small canyon between our Home Canyon and Red Canyon, over north where the Lindsays lived. We unhooked the team from this sleigh and tied them to it; took our axes and saw and climbed the south side of Dry Canyon. It was very steep, hard to get up there on dry ground let alone on slippery frozen crust. Can you visualize seeing three people climbing that mountain side for wood. At this time you could see quite a few dry trees near the top of that hill. So after them we went, after we got up to them, we cut 4 or 5 down, trimmed them good, we slid three down the hill. They went like a shot when they went, well enough for me, so that when we got the other tree ready to go, it was the biggest of the four, we got it trimmed good so it would slide OK. Chet and Wilson wanted me to get on it and ride it down with them. I told them nothing doing, that I was not that brave. They both got on it then I helped it to start. I told them I would carry their axes and saw down while they had their ride. Well, to made my story short, for it was cut short, you never saw two people take a ride in those days as fast as they went. All you could see was snow a flying and a streak. I guess they realized they would have to get off before they got to the bottom of the canyon. They both piled off just a little ways from the bottom of the canyon. There was so much snow flying, I did not see them get off. They told me they both rolled for quite a way when they jumped off. By the time I got down there, they were trying to dig out the butts of each tree. The one they rode being the biggest, and I guess their weight, made it travel faster, they had quite a time to get them out so we could load them on our sleigh and head home with our load of wood.

Still we came home on the crust, trotted our horses all the way back home with our load. This no doubt would never been told if I had not written about it. The good old days in Bennington, Idaho.

I remember when I came west, the young people used to, in the winter, enjoy many times, sleigh riding. I think of the recreation that many participated in. Now with the snowmobiles. In the good old days here they nearly all of the families had a good driving team, horses not to heavy but were light enough so they could take anyone to Montpelier and back in a short time. Then there was the place they used to whirl with a team and pair of bob sleighs. Many bob sleighs were damaged on the rear bob from hitting a hard bank of ice and snow on one side or another. The best place there was to whirl was on the corner on the highway over by M. B. Cranes home or on the corner of the cross road. It was amazing how the horses they used to drive in the winter got so every time they came to that corner, thought they had to whirl, and a lot of them got so they really could throw those sleighs around. It took a pretty good rider to stay in the sleigh bob, especially hang on to the back runner.

This same winter that I wrote about when the crust was so solid, the young people used to get their team and sleigh out on this crust, and a team that knew how to throw a sleigh, could get the sleigh going around in a circle and just keep it spinning.

Yes, these were the good old days in our little town of Bennington. I don't know if I mentioned this or not; the creek going down through the town over by where Bob Crane lives, used to flood over; even go over the road down by the M. B. Crane place. It would be like this down to the river. We nearly all had skates then and used them a lot. When my brother and I lived in the little house my father built for we kids when we came west, we used to get on the ice there in Bennington and skate clear to the ice pond in Montpelier. There were only one or two bushes we had to walk around on the way to the river. The body of water we called the slough; we would get on the ice on it, we had to travel a long way to wend our way to the ice pond in Montpelier but we usually made it there and back during the day. The ice pond was where the rail road used to store a lot of ice in the winter in a big building to keep the ice from melting; they did not have railroad cars with refrigeration in them as they have now, but had to fill their cars loaded with perishable foods, meats, etc. With this ice it kept this stuff from spoiling. I remember how hungry and tired we got when we took a jaunt like this. Especially when you had to cook for your self, like Howard and I did. We got so tired of baking powdered biscuits. I can hardly eat one now.

I will bring in a little story or two into my writing, call it humor if you care to. This is as it was told to me. I won't mention the name of the person that told me, but I think he was implicated in this story himself. This was supposed to have happened some time before I came here. This is the way it was told to me: We realize that in those days they had no undertaker to take care of those that passed away. Various methods were used to keep the body from deteriorating until they held their funeral and they were buried. This old gentleman that lived, I believe, somewhere east of Bennington, until they could get a coffin to put him in they used to lay people out on a slab they called, comprised of some plank made into a table. Then they would place the body on this table and cover them with a sheet until the clothes and coffin could be obtained soon after the person passed away. In the summer they had to use special care to keep the body in the hot weather, so some would evidently get ice to pack them in and some thought a

pan of salt would help to preserve them. It was always the Priesthood to call two members of the ward to set up with this body, it evidently had a pan of salt setting on its chest, one of the brethren decided to lay down by the stove and go to sleep for a while. The stove was one that set up on quite high legs. This brother that lay down to sleep got his head under the stove too far, they had the windows all open for ventilation. After this elder got to sleep, the pan of salt fell off the body in the other room, for some reason the pan fell to the floor. It frightened the man asleep on the floor to where he raised up right quick and nearly busted his head open on the bottom of the stove. He jumped up and headed for a window to jump out. The partner caught him and stopped him from jumping. This sounds quite humorous, maybe some would not like me to write about this, we have to realize that dead people don't hurt us, but watch out for some of the living.

I have thought about the Indian tribes that used to come through Bennington when I first came here. I guess there were many experiences with Indians before we came west. I remember some of the older men that lived here said the Indians used to come over the hills this side of Montpelier in to this area, if we look south by east from Bennington, and look upon the east hills beyond Joe's Gap, you will see a ridge where it looks like a road used to come down it. These old timers told me that this was the true Indian trail used to come down this way through Bennington. I don't remember seeing them come down this trail. When we first came, they used to camp just south and east by the foot hills for a while, to rest up. I remember being told that one tribe had an Indian die up there. They did not bury him very deep. Mostly covered him with a little dirt and leaves from the trees. I understand that 2 or 3 young ladies went up there one time after the Indians left and found where they had buried one of their tribe. So these girls dared one another to uncover the head of the Indian and see what it looked like. From what I remember, they did this and ran for home as fast as they could. They never said what they run for. A dead Indian could not chase them. I wonder if there are young girls that would do this now????

After the fields were fenced so they could not get up by the foot hills, they used to come through town and camp over by Ted Cranes' on the creek, above or below the road. There used to be an old Indian who was blind. Two young boys used to lead him around town and he would go to peoples places and set on their floor or porch, anywhere to get in the way, and wait 'till the people gave him and the boys a hand out. It was right after we bought the store, they continued to come through Bennington some years after we bought the Bennington store the year of 1935. This old man and the boys came to our store and the old man sat in the middle of the floor, waiting for us to give him something. I remember I had tried my luck of making a cake. Man did I load it with sugar. It was so sweet it tickled your tongue to just look at it. So I wrapped it up and gave it to them. They never came to our place begging again. I think back and feel this was a cruel way to treat them anyway. At the time it was kinda amusing. Also they always had horses to trade, until cars came into style. Then I guess they went through Bennington so fast they didn't even see it to stop.

I am going to write another small thing that happened when I was a young chap here in Bennington. I wrote about a dear friend I had here in Bennington right up to the time he passed away. If I remember right there was only a short time between out ages, he died somewhere in the late 1930's. His father and mother both passed away. He loved his parents very much. He seemed not to have a desire to live after his parents had both passed away. To me he was a friend that one doesn't forget very often. I tell this thing that I started out on because; My dear friend

Clay wright was implicated in it. We used to have such good times together as young people. We three; by brother Howard, Clay and I decided to go down to the river or slough to go in swimming. Of course, being three of us, only two could ride his pony at a time, he had a little bay mare that if I remember right he called her Floss, anyway Floss would only let two on her back at a time. If three got on she would do everything she could to get you off her back. Clay had the mane cut off, to where it was only one or two inches long so you had nothing to hang to. It was not very hard to know where you were going when three got on her, it was either over and down her neck, off to one side or the other, or off at the back end. As we went down to the slough, we followed the lane that takes you to the river just south of where the old yellow house that the A M Merrill family lived in; the one I tore down and used what I could of it to help build my cabins with. We changed off riding the mare, mostly because Howard and I both loved to be on a horses back just for a ride we traveled along pretty well until we went through a gate near the lower end of the land into a pasture at the time I believe it belonged to Frank Wright, Grant Wright's dad. It was Clay's and Howard's turn to ride the pony. I walked 20 or 30 feet behind them. As I walked, I happened to look down and saw a horse shoe. I picked it up. I gave it a roll and toss. It went to the back of old Floss. It happened to jump and caught her by the tail. Man, did she kick and buck? Howard and Clay were hanging on for dear life and had no mane to hang onto either, but old Floss kicked and happened to hit the horseshoe. Howard, setting behind Clay, happened to get hit in the head with the horse shoe, it just about knocked Howard off. He got out these words, "Oh my hell, she kicked me in the back of the head." Of course, anyone knowing a horse, knew she could not have gotten her hind leg to where she could kick a person in the head. After it was over, Floss kicked the horse shoe off. I laid down on the ground and about died laughing, especially when I thought about what Howard said about old Floss kicked him in the back of the head. Well, I did not tell them what happened, for if I had they no doubt would have drowned me when we went swimming in the slough. I told them that old Floss stepped on that horse shoe and it flipped up and caught her in the tail. I felt, for a long time, they didn't exactly believe me. Some years after, when I got them alone, I told them what happened.

Another instance in my early life, I well remember, that might be of interest to some; Wallace and Alta Weaver were always good to my brother Howard and I. Wallace and Alta were not too old at this time, Alta was in her young motherhood days. I always felt like she was very nice looking at this time, she also had a sister younger than her that Howard and I used to like to tease. Of course Howard was always worse than I was, and I was bad enough. She used to come and stay with her sister Alta, not long after this she got married; and finally her and her husband went to Mexico to live. I don't believe I ever saw her again. This time was when Wallace and Alta had not been married very long. They lived across the road west in the little old house where part of it is still there, with a new addition built on. This day that I refer to was a nice summer day and Wallace and Alta asked Howard and I if we would like to go up Pine Canyon with them. Wallace wanted to fix a place in the road, blow out a rock so he could take his wagon farther up the canyon to get his wood for their stove to keep warm in the winter, and cook on. Electric or gas ranges were not heard of around here, so I said once before this was before the lights were put in the East part of Bennington, that there was a few homes with them in the whole town. It was a luxury to have electric lights then.

We hooked up Wallace's team, hooked them on his wagon, put the spring seat on the wagon

box, Alta fixed a lunch box so we could cook our dinner up in the canyon. Believe me, Alta could cook a good meal over a bonfire; one that any growing boy would do anything they could to get to eat with her and Wallace. Leo, at this time, was just a tiny baby in his mothers arms. We journeyed on our way up the canyon. We went some distance from the mouth of the canyon, we noticed that the horses were kind of snorty and wondered what made them act this way. As old as they were, one would wonder what was wrong to make them act this way. We went on up the canyon for a short distance and the horses quieted down so we never thought anymore about how they acted. We got up as far as Wallace was going to take his team and wagon, turned them around, with two large ropes Wallace tied both horses to quite a large quaken aspen, and felt they would be OK. While we walked a little distance up the canyon, where we planned to dig or blow a rock out of the middle of the road. We got out to leave the team and wagon and Wallace and

Alta having Leo asleep, they decided to let him lay in the spring seat of their wagon, even as tight and secure as the horses were tied, Howard and I felt that they should not leave that baby in that wagon seat. Mind you, they had him laid out in it, covered him up so to keep him warm, we proceeded to leave and go on up the canyon. Still, Howard and I would not leave the wagon until Leo was out of it. Finally, they decided to get Leo and carry him farther up the canyon with us. We came to the rock in the road and began to work on it. All at once we heard the loudest crash down where the horses were tied. We soon realized that the horses had broke away and down the canyon they went. It would be hard to explain what happened to that wagon, especially some one that had never saw a runaway with a team of frightened horses, they scattered that wagon all down the canyon. The wagon seat was thrown 30 or 40 feet from the road in the brush. The team finally got rid of the rest of the wagon and run to the bottom of the canyon, went through a fence, and we found them standing some distance from the mouth of the canyon. We took them back up the canyon, gathered up what was left of the wagon and wagon box, got it back together, done a little more work on the rock. Alta cooked our dinner, we ate and headed for home. We felt a bear scared our team.

Wallace and Alta always said if it had not been for Howard and I, they felt they would have lost Leo. I always wondered just what would have happened to him if they had left him in the spring seat. I was always thankful that the Lord always gave me a sense of danger. I realize many accidents happen because we some times never think of what the consequences will be.

I feel it would not be fitting unless I mention the different bishops for our ward since 1915 when I came here from the East. Ida Wrights husband, I understand some time before my time here, was working or living in Cokeville, Wyoming, evidently they called him home to be Bishop of this ward. They seemed to do this quite often but Ida's husband, Silas, was bishop here when we came west, as I mentioned once before, he and Ida lived in the place my wife and I live in now, the old store building. I do not remember just how long he held this position after 1915. I will not try to remember just who was the counselors to these bishops. Shortly after we came, Brother Ezra Hulme and Venice, his wife, were called from Bloomington, across the valley, to be bishop of this ward. Mentioning it before, he owned the property or dry farm south of the Wilson Weaver property west of the road on the Maple Canyon road. I believe he built the home there that Ted and Nadine live in, the west part with the upstairs in it. Soon after, he bought the Dave Perkins place where Veda and I were married. He was still Bishop when we returned to Idaho in

1928 or some where near. He was a man that I always admired and thought a lot of. Then I believe that Jared Parker; Marion Georges father, was installed as bishop. He was bishop for some time, then I feel sure that Clarence Wright was put in as bishop. Bishop Parker lived in the house that Ross and Esma live in. Clarence Wright lived in the house where Shirley Alleman lives. He was bishop when we built the older part of the church house that we use now. Then Art Crane was called to be our next bishop; Brother Crane and I were the best of friends. He was a man that I could go to and confide in, and he told me many of his troubles up until he passed away. He lived where Calvin lives now. I realize that I am getting to where most people here knows who and where they lived. Brother Wayne George was called next, Wayne was another good friend to me. We had many good talks together. I always appreciated him very much. Bishop George was the one that filled this calling when we built onto the chapel last time. A few years ago when he was released, they installed Brother Ross Parker. He held this calling for a few years, then Brother William A. Jenson was called where he is still serving this ward as our bishop. He and his two counselors, although I realize they serve in trying times, and no doubt they will continue to get worse as time goes on, but I do feel if we ever figure on getting behind our Ward Leaders, we better do it now, for time is getting short for us and time waits for no man.

I have tried to, the best of my knowledge, to follow the things that I have written about. I hope that I have not made too many mistakes. In fact, I did not undertake to write a short history of Bennington and get it written in a perfect description, I knew there are others that can write better than I do. As I said before, life is free , so let that person that criticizes, write one of his own. Mine can easily be destroyed if theirs is better than mine.

I pray always that this town or Ward will be blessed always, that they may know truth from error, is my Prayer always.

(IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST),  
Amen